

I got a military cross out of the war, and a bar to the military cross. On two other occasions I was recommended for decorations. One was for the V.C. and one for the D.S.O. I only got it from hearsay that I was recommended for those. I didn't see the recommendations. The military cross was for general service, received after I had been three months in France -- for general bravery and bringing in men from No Man's Land, with two specific incidents cited. The second was for rescue work in No Man's Land and for repulsing an attack and rescuing a section of troops and carrying in wounded men from the front.

The bar to the military cross was for work done with the 27th and 29th American divisions supported by the Australians on the 27th of September 1918. The Americans were to attack on the Hindenberg line. They were badly cut up by fire. The whole front was disorganized. The Americans had not been able to clean up the trenches, and were being fired on from all directions by the Germans left in the dugouts. The Australians came through. There was a terrible mix-up in going through the fog. More than 3000 Americans were killed. I had been wounded three times by machine gun fire, but I had been able to help. My work had been observed by two colonels who had seen me carrying my camera, which made me conspicuous. As a matter of fact, I had left my photography and was soldiering then. Things were in a terrible mess. Most of the American officers were killed. The men were quite lost in a country new to them. They were being fired at from all quarters. In the fog they didn't know which direction they had to advance. I knew the country by heart and took it upon myself to get things organized as much as possible. It was on that day I was tempted to pick up a gun and have a shot

at the Germans myself.

There were a lot of people sitting down in one trench, and I could see these Germans coming up with bombs. They met some Americans and offered to surrender, but the new Americans wouldn't take the surrender and kept on throwing bombs at the Germans. A German officer jumped up and captured the Americans who threw the bombs. I rushed back and got another group and came back and captured both Germans and Americans.

I discovered a lieutenant, an Australian liaison officer. Together we organized the troops and held the front line against the Germans. I had a bullet wound across my head, and had my heel ~~blown~~ shot off. My uniform was covered with blood. It looked ghastly from blood, but I really wasn't so bad off.

I had just climbed up on the rim of a crater to point out the location of a German machine gun nest. I no sooner reached the rim of the crater than the German opened up with the machine gun. It tore the breast right off a captain on one side of me and put seven machine gun bullets through my chest, and killed the sergeant at my left. It tore my gas mask off. They got me sideways and the bullets went right through the fleshy part of my chest, and right across the bottom of my chin. The captain was badly wounded. We all dropped. The gunner thought he got all three.

As soon as I recovered my senses, I pulled the sergeant and captain back. The sergeant was dead and the captain died a few minutes later.

The troops who were organized were Australians. Without a moment's hesitation they jumped over the crater and ran for the German machine gun. When they saw this attack, the Germans surrendered.

About that time, the general order for the Australian advance was given, and together with the Americans they went through and cleaned up the trenches captured from the Germans and occupied the trenches behind the Hindenberg line.